

ALADDIN

Treatment & Lyrics: Howard Ashman

Music: Alan Menken

January 12, 1988

CHARACTERS

ALADDIN: About fifteen years old. Unconsciously a charmer. Physically, think Mowgli just post-puberty. In intelligence and sensitivity, think Matthew Broderick. Whoever you think, this kid's dark, athletic, streetsmart, and unpolished, with casual good looks he's completely unaware of. At the beginning of the story, he's a ragamuffin with boundless but completely unfocused energy. Just hangin' out and having a great time. His spine in the story begins with his discovery that he's hurt his mother and the awakening of a powerful need to make good, to make it up to her, to become somebody, to change and improve himself. His song Proud of Your Boy is the out-loud expression of this. But all his actions are motivated by it. Under the surface then, it's all about Aladdin growing up ... accepting responsibility in the world and finding a way to put his talents (music, energy, courage) to use in his new adult life.

BABKAK, OMAR, AND KASIM: Three funny, charming, sometimes silly teens of sharply contrasting physical types and personalities. With Aladdin, they become a ragtag musical quartet (each plays an instrument) and do an "act" in the street. A lot of wise-cracking, joking, falling all over each other. They're Bill Cosby's old Fat Albert gang or the Bowery Boys, or The Jets and The Sharks, or Run DMC after a sweet-injection. A little Bob Hope/Bing Crosby thrown in there somewhere. Buddies.

ABBI (Pronounce her name Ah-bee): The tomboy female component in the above-described gang. (In West Side Story, she'd play "Anybody's.") She's the Girl-Next-Door to Aladdin and he doesn't even notice that she is a girl until fairly late in the proceedings. But when he does notice, boy are we happy. Cause we're crazy about Abbi and know all along that she's really in love with Aladdin and always has been. She's Judy Garland to his Mickey Rooney -- not glamorous but attractive in an honest, unaffected, easy way. True-blue, energetic, feisty, and fearless. She's a full participant in the adventure sequences too. She's the greatest.

MAMAN: Aladdin's sweet, crusty, wise old Mom. If Gepetto had been a Mideastern matriarch, he might have been something like this.

THE WAZIR: The villain of the piece. A hammy con-man, a trickster, a master of disguise. Think Hans Conreid. (In fact, his Danny Thomas show "Uncle Tonoose" isn't a bad Lebanese prototype for the Wazir's "Uncle" disguise.) He should be played as a serious threat. Demented, power-mad, completely obsessed with getting the kingdom away from the Sultan.

SINBAD: A parrot. The Wazir's smart-mouthed, back-talking sidekick. He rides on the Wazir's shoulder whenever he can and plays Charlie McCarthy smartguy to the Wazir's slick, "genteel" Edgar Bergen.

PRINCESS JASMINE: A purely comic creation. The ultimate in pampered spoiled-brattiness. Think Madeline Kahn or Bernadette Peters in a really bad mood.

THE SULTAN: A baggy pants comic in the Ed Wynn, Bert Lahr mold. Henpecked to death by his daughter. As a ruler, completely ineffectual and inept.

NARRATOR: The magical little rug-seller in the bazaar, he's adequately described in the treatment and at the climax of the story turns out to have a secret identity I won't reveal here. He's tiny (about two-feet tall), creature-like, and sings directly to camera whenever he pleases. His turban is bigger than he is.

BIG GENIE: The Genie of the Lamp. A snappy dresser with one sparkling gold earring. Hip, jazzy, and funny -- with a voice that smacks of Leon Redbone/Tom Waits/Louis Armstrong funkiness. His style derives from Cab Calloway's bandstand even though he is ethnically indeterminate. A benign comic creation, i.e. a good guy, he is still bound by the rules of Geniedom. This means when the lamp is in the possession of the villain, he has to obey the villain's commands. Even though his sympathies are always clearly with the good guys.

A NOTE ON FURRY CREATURES: At the moment there aren't any. That is, no mice or bunnies. The parrot, Genies, and Three Friends are fairly broad characters who serve some of the same purpose. If animals, however, talking or otherwise, are thought to be desirable, there are a few possibilities. Among them a race of harmony-singing birds who live above the bazaar. But more interestingly, it's possible to create a race of cave-dwelling creatures (moles, perhaps) who would live in the Cave of Wonders, befriend Aladdin, and participate in the two important Cave sequences.

AND A GENERAL NOTE:

This version of the ALADDIN story is shooting for sly comedic edge and a kind of musical comedy energy. Although it has a love interest, it's a comedy/adventure, not a romance. Still, at its heart and thematic center, it ought to have a certain sweetness. After all, it celebrates freedom (our Genies are trying to earn their way out of servitude), the triumph of the little guy, and an affirmation of non-materialistic values (this Aladdin comes to choose music and friendship over wealth and power and the girl next door over the princess).

ALADDIN

We open at the Bazaar in Old Baghdad. Well, not *old* Baghdad. This is a zany and fanciful Baghdad of the imagination. Somewhere between the fairy tale city of classic Arabian Nights illustrations and Pinocchio's Pleasure Island -- a place that's alternately alluring and threatening, a place familiar from *lots* of old movies and not just Arabian Nights movies either. There's a hint of Humphrey Bogart's Casablanca and Marlene Deitrich's Morocco in this atmosphere, timeless but with a whiff of the exotic 1930's in decor, music, and mood. We weave through this amazing city to hone in on a rugseller's booth down a winding alleyway. Here we meet a funny-looking Little Guy in an enormous white turban. Let's leave him nameless for a bit, okay? He's just an elfin creature two feet tall, wearing a turban that's bigger than he is. He has enormous ears, huge eyes, and a neck that can giraffe itself up and down when he sings. He's our NARRATOR. He welcomes us to Baghdad, tries to sell us a rug, fails, and realizes we haven't come for a rug at all, but for a story. "Very well ... a story it is, then. But I warn you I tell no ordinary tales. For this is no ordinary place." He begins to sing **ANOTHER ARABIAN NIGHT**:

*OH I COME FROM A LAND, FROM A FARAWAY PLACE
WHERE THE CARAVAN CAMELS ROAM
WHERE THEY'LL CUT OFF YOUR EAR IF THEY DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE
IT'S BARBARIC BUT HEY -- IT'S HOME
WHEN THE WIND'S FROM THE EAST
AND THE SUN'S FROM WEST
AND THE SAND IN THE GLASS IS RIGHT
COME ON DOWN COME ON IN
LET THE MAGIC BEGIN
IT'S ANOTHER ARABIAN NIGHT ...*

The NARRATOR laughs and the number continues. Visually, it's a tongue-in-cheek, mood-setting tour of the city. Around every corner something *really* weird is going on. Turn left and here come forty thieves on horseback, galloping toward you. Open a door and out flies a magic carpet carrying Sabu and three of his friends. Over here a Genie pops out of a garbage can. Over there a fakir does his stuff with snakes and nails. A marching phalanx of the SULTAN's royal guard, the ARMED GOONS. A dancing harem full of veiled beauties. The Arabian works.

*OH I COME FROM A LAND WHERE INTRIGUE IS IN STYLE
AND ADVENTURE IS STATUS QUO
WHERE THEY HACK OFF YOUR LIPS IF THEY DON'T LIKE YOUR SMILE
IT'S THE LAW, DID I MAKE IT? NO.
SEE THE DERVISHES DANCE
IN RIDICULOUS PANTS
THEN ROMANCE TO YOUR HEART'S DELIGHT
COME ON DOWN, STOP ON BY
HOP A CARPET AND FLY
TO ANOTHER ARABIAN NIGHT ...*

*ARABIAN NIGHTS,
LIKE ARABIAN DAYS
THEY TEASE AND EXCITE,
TAKE OFF AND TAKE FLIGHT
THEY SHOCK AND AMAZE*

*ARABIAN NIGHTS
LIKE ARABIAN NOONS
THE THRILLS THAT ONE SEEKS,
ONE FINDS WITH THE SHEIKS,
THE GEEKS AND THE GOONS*

*IN THAT MAGICAL PLACE, IN THAT MYSTICAL LAND
THERE'S A GENIE INSIDE EVERY JAR
HE'LL DO ALL OF YOUR BIDDING, YOUR WISH HIS COMMAND
IT'S DEMEANING BUT HEY -- THERE YOU ARE
UNBELIEVABLE, YES, AND AN ETHICAL MESS
NONETHELESS, NO ONE'S VERY CONTRITE
YOU COME HERE AND YOU'VE
COME TO A LAND WHERE ANY MOUNTAIN CAN MOVE
A LAND OF HIGH INTRIGUE WITH TRICKY LOGISTICS
BY PROPHETS AND MYSTICS
AND I'VE GOT STATISTICS TO PROVE*

*ARABIAN NIGHTS
LIKE ARABIAN DAYS
MORE OFTEN THAN NOT
ARE HOTTER THAN HOT
IN A LOTTA OF GOOD WAYS*

*ARABIAN NIGHTS
'NEATH ARABIAN MOONS
A FOOL OFF HIS GUARD
COULD FALL AND FALL HARD
OUT THERE ON THE DUNES*

*FOLLOW ME TO A PLACE WHERE INCREDIBLE FEATS
ARE ROUTINE EVERY HOUR OR SO
WHERE ENCHANTMENT RUNS RAMPANT
YES, WILD IN THE STREETS
OPEN SESAME! HERE WE GO!
PACK YOUR SHIELD, PACK YOUR SWORD
YOU WON'T EVER GET BORED
THOUGH GET BEATEN OR GORED, YOU MIGHT
CALL IT MAD, CALL IT CRAZED
BUT LET ALLAH BE PRAISED
IT'S ANOTHER ... ARABIAN NIGHT!*

Now our strange little rug-selling NARRATOR announces that we've had entirely

enough local color and it's time for the tale to begin! "Once upon a time and not so very long ago ... in the palace of Baghdad's Sultan Ha-Med," We dissolve to the palace as our NARRATOR sings a brief coda to the Opening Number:

*IN THE PALACE, RIGHT HERE, LIVED A WICKED WAZIR --
THE ADVISER TO SULTAN HA-MED --
AND THIS PART-TIME MAGICIAN. THIS AMATEUR SEER
WISHED HIS BOSS, THE GOOD SULTAN, DEAD.
HE WAS CHARMING AND SLICK
BUT UNSPEAKABLY SICK,
THIS DESPICABLE PARASITE.
WHAT A VILLAIN, BOO HISS!
FURTHER PROOF, DEARS, THAT THIS
IS ANOTHER ...
ARABIAN NIGHT!*

During the above, we've been visually introduced to the WAZIR as he carefully mixes a potion. The song over, the story begins.

As we've been musically informed, the SULTAN's WAZIR is a part-time magician who dabbles in black magic and has been plotting for years to overthrow the SULTAN. Tonight, the WAZIR makes an attempt to poison the SULTAN which is only foiled when the SULTAN's hateful persian cat accidentally laps up some of the poisoned wine and falls ill. When the SULTAN realizes what has been going on, he orders the WAZIR arrested. The GOONS grab him, but within moments the WAZIR has wriggled free and has to be chased through the streets of Baghdad. He uses "poof" magic as he runs, throwing little explosive charges of pink smoke over his shoulder.

Having finally evaded the GOONS, the EVIL WAZIR descends into a secret lair he keeps in the basement of an abandoned Incense Works. Here we discover the WAZIR's alchemical laboratory, his library of books on the mystical arts, and SINBAD, his obnoxious pet parrot/confidant. The WAZIR complains to SINBAD that they'll never get control of the kingdom now (they've been trying for years) -- not unless they can come up with more powerful magic. They need a *Genie* to do their bidding and help overthrow the Sultan. The WAZIR looks through his books. Who is the most powerful Genie of all? Not the Genie of the Bottle or the Jar or the Ring but the **Genie of the Lamp!** And where is the Lamp that contains this Genie? Hidden in the Cave of Wonders. *Now ...* how to get the lamp. The magician reads on and finds that only one person is decreed by Fate to retrieve the lamp from the cave. Who? He goes to the Book of Fate (a tome about three times the size of Webster's Unabridged), opens it, nearly dies from the centuries of dust that fly out, and searches for the name of He Who Is Decreed. "Let's see," the WAZIR mumbles as he flips through the voluminous pages, "He must be the son of the son of the son of the son of ... Hm ... see page 479, cross-referenced under Hassan. Good. Good. Last century it was the blind beggar Abdul. And in this century it's ... Ah! The Youth, ALADDIN. ALADDIN," the WAZIR sneers. "*Who is this ALADDIN?!*"

Transition to a seriously impoverished neighborhood, the next morning, where we

find out. ALADDIN is a fifteen-year-old ragamuffin. (Think of the youngest Shark in *West Side Story* or Matthew Broderick in a less-than reflective mood.) When we meet him, he's with his neighbor-ragamuffin, a girl named ABBI. She's a cute, tough little street urchin, completely at home hangin' out with the guys, and secretly suffering from a mad crush on ALADDIN. These two (and other scraggly poor folks) are watching an ARMED GOON post a help-wanted poster: the SULTAN is looking for a new WAZIR. The old WAZIR is wanted for treason and a reward is being offered. ALADDIN jokes that he'd like to find that old WAZIR and collect the money. ABBI asks him why he isn't interested in applying for the *job*, instead of the reward money. But ALADDIN isn't interested in working. He'd rather hang out and have a good time. That's ALADDIN in a nutshell: charming but irresponsible.

Just then, ALADDIN's mother (MAMAN) calls. She gives him a rug she has woven, with instructions to take it to the Bazaar and get at least twenty dinar for it. This will be their rent money for the month and it's overdue. When ALADDIN has the money, he's to take it to their landlord: BIG YUMAMAH, the café owner. ALADDIN sets off to sell the rug.

At the Bazaar, ALADDIN is distracted by the arrival of his three best friends: BABKAK, OMAR, and KASIM. They're sort of the Bowery Boys of Baghdad. (BABKAK's overweight. KASIM's a tough guy with a heart of gold. And OMAR's the timid nerdy one with glasses.) The THREE GUYS urge ALADDIN to come with them to do what they do *every* day -- play instruments and perform in the street, for pennies. It seems that ALADDIN and his pals are informal street entertainers. ALADDIN says no, he can't play today. He's gotta go sell this rug to make rent money for BIG YUMAMAH. But BABKAK grabs a trashcan lid and improvises a drum-set, OMAR pulls out a saxophone, and before long, ALADDIN (who has *no* willpower) has forgotten about the rug and is singing, dancing, and playing saxophone with his pals -- entertaining for pennies. The performance turns into a Gene Kelly/Donald O'Conner-style Musical Number: **BABKAK, OMAR, ALADDIN, KASIM**, in which the guys play instruments (trashcan drumset, home-made saxophone, makeshift ukulele, etc.) and dance with everyone and anything. Before long, they've got the whole Bazaar singing, dancing, playing anything handy (a hookah, a salami) and going wild, nuts, insane. Even severe old ladies in black veils and evil-looking Ayatollah-types are tap dancing before this thing is over. The BOYS "pass the turban" between verses and the few people who can afford to do so toss in some coins -- small ones. A merchant in the Bazaar might perhaps toss in a bit of food. The point is, the FOUR GUYS are having a great time and so is everyone else -- they're just not making much money.

*GOOD PALS ... BLOOD BROTHERS
ME AND ... THREE OTHERS
BABKAK, OMAR, ALADDIN, KASIM
FOUR FRIENDS ... NONE CLOSER
GET MAD? HECK NOSIR!
NOT US, FOUR-STRONG, A PERMANENT TEAM*

*FOUR GUYS OUT POUNDIN' THE PAVEMENTS OF BAGHDAD
POOR GUYS WITH ONE ARABIAN DREAM*

*TO STAY ... THIS LAZY
AND PLAY ... LIKE CRAZY
BABKAK, OMAR, ALADDIN, KASIM*

*TRUE FRIENDS ... NO PHONIES
ME AND ... MY CRONIES --
BABKAK, OMAR, ALADDIN, KASIM
FOUR BUMS ... NONE BETTER
NOT ONE GO-GETTER
UNMOTIVATED IN THE EXTREME*

*FOLKS SAY HEY GO EARN A LIVIN' IN BAGHDAD
GROW UP, GO EARN THE CITY'S ESTEEM --
WE SAY ... TOUGH NOOGIE!
NO WAY ... LETS BOOGIE!
BABKAK, OMAR, ALADDIN, KASIM!*

*FOUR GUYS OUT MAKIN' OUR MUSIC IN BAGHDAD
IN BAGHDAD, WE'RE THE CRÈME DE LA CREAM*

*OKAY, SUPPORTERS --
CLAP HANDS ... THROW QUARTERS
BABKAK, OMAR, ALADDIN, KASIM*

*GOOD PALS, REAL CHUMMY
WHOZAT? GUESS, DUMMY!
BABKAK, OMAR, ALADDIN, KASIM!
OLD PALS, NONE NEWER
NONE TRIED, NONE TRUER
EIGHT EYES WITH ONE IMPERTINENT GLEAM*

*FOUR GUYS OUT PASSIN' THE TURBAN IN BAGHDAD
FOR LETTIN' OFF SOME MUSICAL STEAM*

*THAT'S OUR FINALE
'KAY GUYS, LET'S BLOW THIS ALLEY!
BABKAK OMAR ALADDIN AND
HOWZAT SO FAR NOT BAD N' IT'S
BABKAK OMAR ALADDIN KASIM!*

The number builds and builds, getting faster and faster, and just as it reaches it's fantastic finale ...

... The GUYS accidentally knock over a vat of olive oil and destroy MAMAN's rug. There goes the rent. What's ALADDIN gonna do? He looks up and who's towering over him but BIG YUMAMAH, the café owner. He's mad at the BOYS for making so much "noise" in the street and disturbing his customers. He recognizes ALADDIN and asks him where the rent money is. ALADDIN offers him what little is in the

turban, but YUMAMAH is in no mood. He instructs ALADDIN to tell his mother they're evicted unless they pay their rent by noon tomorrow. Period. ALADDIN'S FRIENDS feel awful as they disband for the night and ALADDIN goes home to face the music. It's getting dark now. (Our big production number covered a whole day) As ALADDIN passes out of frame, we see a cloaked figure with a parrot on his shoulder, lurking 'round the corner. ALADDIN is being watched and followed by the WAZIR.

At home, ALADDIN tells his mother what happened and vows he'll try to figure out *something*. MAMAN tries to be brave and doesn't throw a fit. After all, ALADDIN feels bad enough about what he's done. But soon he hears her crying in the other room. ALADDIN is miserable. ABBI comes over from next door to offer ALADDIN the three dinar she has in savings. He's touched but can't take it. *He* made this happen with his shiftless ways. He vows to ABBI that he's going to fix things and become a more responsible person. He's just gotta figure out *how*. And how to get twenty dinar by noon tomorrow. He sends ABBI home so he can think.

Outside the house, we see that the WAZIR and SINBAD have been hidden and listening. Now, when the coast is clear, the WAZIR knocks at the door and cons ALADDIN into letting him in.

With the help of SINBAD, the WAZIR convinces ALADDIN that he's his long lost "UNCLE," a long-lost brother of ALADDIN's late father. (ALADDIN: "I didn't think Dad *had* a brother." WAZIR: "Of course he had a brother and I'm it!) He pretends to be shocked to learn that ALADDIN's father died when ALADDIN was still a baby. ("Oh well, I see at least he left you and your mother well provided-for. This attractive little house. So smart, so simple. So cheap. So cheerful.") ALADDIN spills out his problem about the rent and forthcoming eviction. The "UNCLE" feigns concern and offers to help. He has learned, on his travels, of a hidden treasure in a Cave of Wonders, high up in the Forbidden Mountains. "But it's a dangerous journey ... It could take us all night." The whole thing appeals to ALADDIN's sense of adventure: the mysterious "Uncle" he didn't know he had, the dangerous journey, the hidden treasure. And most of all -- the opportunity to help MAMAN and make the rent money.

The NARRATOR appears and sings us a snippet of **ANOTHER ARABIAN NIGHT** as we follow ALADDIN and his "UNCLE" on their treacherous journey to the creepy twin peaks known as the Forbidden Mountains. It's a scary, dangerous, exciting climb.

*A CONTEMPTIBLE SKUNK
WAS THIS COUNTERFEIT "UNC"
BUT ALADDIN HE LED, ALAS,
ON A JOURNEY INSANE,
THROUGH FORBIDDEN TERRAIN,
TO A DESOLATE MOUNTAIN PASS
AND THE TRIP THAT THEY HAD
WAS SO BAD FOR OUR LAD
THAT HE GRADUALLY GOT UPTIGHT*

*AND SUSPECTED -- GUESS WHAT --
THIS WAS POSSIBLY NOT JUST ANOTHER
ARABIAN NIGHT!*

The music ends abruptly when the WAZIR stops before an enormous boulder and announces: "we've arrived."

"What do you mean we've arrived? There's nothing here," ALADDIN shouts over the fierce, screeching wind. But his "UNCLE" just grins and tells him to face the huge stone and say "Open Sesame." ALADDIN thinks the Open Sesame business is pretty feeble and corny. "Aw C'mon, Open *Sesame*?" he laughs. But as soon as the word 'Sesame' escapes his lips, the gigantic boulder rolls aside, revealing a narrow opening in the earth. ALADDIN looks through this opening and sees, far below the earth's surface, the Cave of Wonders, a cavernous room, brimming with jewels and treasure. The WAZIR instructs ALADDIN to climb down into the cave where he will find, among the treasures, a rusty old lamp and a tarnished brass ring. He is to fetch these two items and carry them out. (ALADDIN: "A lamp and a brass ring? What about the money for the rent? It's due tomorrow, Uncle, and you said ..." WAZIR: "Oh right, right, right. Help yourself to a few gold pieces, too.") ALADDIN thinks the "UNCLE's" behavior is a little weird, but lured by the treasure inside the cave, he lowers himself through the crack in the earth.

ALADDIN's climb is pretty hairy: fifty feet straight down, bats circling as he goes. But once down there, the cave is amazing -- full of exotic treasure. Strange ancient idols. Groves of jewelled trees. Rivers running liquid silver. ALADDIN gawks and stuffs gold pieces into his pockets as he searches for the lamp and brass ring.

Meanwhile, outside the cave, the WAZIR is beside himself with greedy, gleeful anticipation. He's about to get the magic lamp and thus the power to overthrow the SULTAN and become ruler of all Baghdad! He chatters about this excitedly as he rigs something up at the mouth of the cave: a lever-type device made of branches and rocks. SINBAD reminds him that it's dangerous for them, now that ALADDIN knows about the cave and the lamp. After all, ALADDIN's was the name inscribed in the Book of Fate. "Fate shmame," says the WAZIR. Does SINBAD *really* think he'd let ALADDIN out of the cave alive? He'll get ALADDIN to hand up the lamp, then push on the branch-lever he's now constructing. The boulder will roll back over the crack in the earth. ALADDIN will be sealed in!

Inside the cave, ALADDIN finds the rusty old lamp and tarnished brass ring. They don't seem to be anything special, but he takes them as he's been instructed and starts back toward the cave's entrance.

Climbing out of the cave is even harder than climbing down. The bats don't make things any easier. It even looks as if ALADDIN might not make it. He's close to the opening -- almost out - - when his foot slips, causing a rockslide. ALADDIN grabs a twig that's growing from one side of the cave. He's hanging on for dear life with one hand, barely able to hold onto the lamp with the other. He's pretty close to the mouth of the cave, though. If someone outside reached in, they could pull him out. ALADDIN calls to his "UNCLE," for help.

WAZIR

Yes, yes, of course. Poor boy. But hand up the lamp, first!

ALADDIN

Please sir, just reach in and pull. Really ... I can't hold on ...

WAZIR

The lamp! Hand it up, fool!

ALADDIN

(Losing his grip)

Well gimme your hand, Uncle, and you'll have the lamp real soon ...

WAZIR

(A flash of dangerous
temper reveals itself)

Do as you're told!

ALADDIN

(Hanging on by three fingers)

Why won't you help me? What's going on?

WAZIR

(Too sweet)

Why nothing's going on, dear boy. Come -- in the name of your
good father Yasim ...

ALADDIN

(By one finger now)

Yasim? My father's name wasn't Yasini, it was Yusef!

WAZIR

Well ...er...I...

ALADDIN

You're not my uncle at all! *Are* you? Lemme out of here!

WAZIR

(His fury mounting, his
face turning beet red)

Not until I've got that lamp, you stubborn brat! Hand it! Now!

ALADDIN

(By one *finger*nail)

No!

WAZIR

(Quaking, about to explode)
Why you stupid, slimy, insubordinate ...

Thunder. Lightning. ALADDIN loses his grip.

WAZIR
(Gasping)
My lamp!

From the WAZIR's P.O.V., we see first the lamp and then ALADDIN go tumbling down into the darkness and disappear. We hear a dull thud from *way* down there. SINBAD and the WAZIR exchange a panicked look and listen hard for a moment. No sound from down in the cave. "I guess that's the end of him and the lamp, boss," observes SINBAD. The WAZIR screams for the parrot to **SHUT UP** and, in his foot-stamping rage, accidentally triggers the lever he constructed earlier. The boulder rolls back over the cave entrance. Still seething, the WAZIR starts down the mountain, SINBAD flying after him.

We go down into the cave, where it's now pitch black and perfectly silent. There's ALADDIN lying on a soft pile of leaves. It broke his fall. After a moment, he stirs. He's alive! But what's he gonna do? The cave entrance has been sealed, which not only makes it impossible for him to get out, it makes it pitch black. Okay, don't panic. Stay calm and figure things out, one step at a time. He spots the rusty lamp which tumbled down with him. (*The ring lies on the ground beside it.*) ALADDIN decides he'll try to light the lamp so he can look around for a way out. It's cruddy with dirt and grime. ALADDIN tears a piece of his shirt and uses it to rub the lamp ...

Music! Magic! Fireworks! Smoke! A blaze of pink light! And Meet the Genie! He's **HUGE**, dark-skinned but of indeterminate race and incredibly hip -- a cross between Mr. Clean, Cab Calloway, Leon Redbone, and the strutting bandleader (or headwaiter) of a Harlem nightclub circa 1939. He wears one earring, a big grin, and plenty of winking, hi-dee-ho attitude. This is the BIG GENIE. He introduces himself to ALADDIN, and explains the rules.

BIG GENIE
I'm your personal 'Come and get it day,' simple as that. You wish; I deliver. You want it; I get it. You ask, I answer. No questions, no limits. You just hit the jackpot, son.

ALADDIN
And you don't get anything in return?

BIG GENIE
Can you believe it? Of course there *is* a chance you'll do something for me one day.

ALADDIN
And what's that?

BIG GENIE

Well, if a Genie ever saves your life, you've got to set him free.
Rules of the game. But frankly, Master, that hardly ever happens,
so I wouldn't waste any energy thinkin' about it. You better
conserve your strength 'cause you got some heavy-duty wishin' to
do. Lay back, master. Munch on these. And contemplate the
poss-o-bilities.

In the course of the number that ensues, (**YOU AIN'T NEVER HAD A FRIEND LIKE ME**) the BIG GENIE musically demonstrates his powers, which are, to say the least, awesome. He goes nuts performing magic tricks, dressing ALADDIN up in fancy clothes, serving him an *amazing* dinner, providing 3-D visions of Cotton-Club harem girls, and finally causing the mouth of the cave to whoosh open and the two of them to go flying through the air back to ALADDIN's house.* ALADDIN's got the hang of this wishing stuff now and once at home, he proceeds to completely redecorate, transforming the slum dwelling into an amazing, if tiny, mansion.

***NOTE:** Before we leave the Cave, there's at least one shot featuring the tarnished brass ring. It lies on the floor of the Cave. In the excitement of meeting a Genie and everything, ALADDIN has forgotten all about it. Wouldn't you?

*WELL, ALI BABA HAD THOSE FORTY THIEVES
SCHEHERAZADE HAD A THOUSAND TALES
BUT MISTER YOU IN LUCK CAUSE UP YOUR SLEEVES
YOU GOT A BRAND OF MAGIC NEVER FAILS
YOU GOT SOME POWER IN YOUR CORNER NOW
SOME HEAVY AMMUNITION IN YOUR CAMP
YOU GOT SOME PUNCH, PIZAZZ, YAHOO AND HOW
SEE, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS RUB THAT LAMP
AND I'LL SAY:*

*MR. ALADDIN, SIR --
WHAT WILL YOUR PLEASURE BE?
LET ME TAKE YOUR ORDER -- JOT IT DOWN
YOU AIN'T NEVER HAD A FRIEND LIKE ME*

*LIFE IS YOUR RESTAURANT
AND I'M YOUR MAITRE 'D
C'MON WHISPER WHAT IT IS YOU WANT
YOU AIN'T NEVER HAD A FRIEND LIKE ME*

*YESSIR, WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON SERVICE
YOU'RE THE BOSS, THE KING, THE SHAH
SAY WHAT YOU WISH, IT'S YOURS! TRUE DISH!
HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE MORE BAKLAVA?*

*HAVE SOME OF COLUMN A
TRY ALL OF COLUMN B
I'M IN THE MOOD TO HELP YOU, DUDE*

YOU AIN'T NEVER HAD A FRIEND LIKE ME

*CAN YOUR FRIENDS DO THIS?
CAN YOUR FRIENDS DO THAT?
COULD YOUR FRIENDS PULL THIS
OUT THEIR LITTLE HAT?!*

*CAN YOUR FRIENDS GO POOF
WELL, LOOKY HERE!
CAN YOUR FRIENDS GO ABRACADABRA LET 'ER RIP
AND THEN MAKE THE SUCKER DISAPPEAR?*

*SO DONCHA SIT THERE, SLACK-JAWED, BUGGY-EYED
I'M HERE TO ANSWER ALL YOUR MIDDAY PRAYERS
YOU GOT ME BONA-FIDE, CERTIFIED
YOU GOT A GENIE FOR YOUR CHARGE D'AFFAIRES
I GOT A POW'RFUL URGE TO HELP YOU OUT
SO WHATCHA WISH? I REALLY WANNA KNOW
YOU GOT A LIST THAT'S THREE MILES LONG, NO DOUBT
WELL ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS RUB LIKE SO
AND OH --*

*MR. ALADDIN SIR
WHAT WILL THOSE ORDERS BE?
I LOVE MY JOB, YOU BIG NABOB
YOU AIN'T NEVER HAD A FRIEND LIKE ME*

When the number is over and the transformation of the house is complete, ALADDIN asks the GENIE for one more thing. The rent money. The BIG GENIE delivers it and congratulates ALADDIN on a great first day's wishing. He does give him one word of caution, though. The lamp's great power attracts evil men. The lamp is wonderful but dangerous. Just think of the "Uncle" who almost killed ALADDIN in an attempt to get it. The best way for ALADDIN to avoid trouble for himself and those he loves, is to keep the lamp's power a secret. ALADDIN sees the wisdom in this and agrees. The GENIE then disappears back into the lamp, which ALADDIN places inconspicuously on a shelf in the pantry.

When MAMAN arrives home she is, of course, stunned at what has become of her house and her son. "I promised I'd make up for everything," he tells her, " ... And this is just the start, Ma. You'll see. You will." He sings **PROUD OF YOUR BOY**, as he presents her with new clothes, and a tour of her completely transformed home.

*PROUD OF YOUR BOY
I'LL MAKE YOU PROUD OF YOUR BOY
BELIEVE ME,
BAD AS I'VE BEEN, MA, YOU'RE IN FOR A PLEASANT SURPRISE*

*I'VE WASTED TIME
I'VE WASTED ME*

*SO SAY I'M SLOW FOR MY AGE, A LATE BLOOMER,
OKAY, I AGREE*

*THAT I'VE BEEN
ONE ROTTEN KID
SOME SON, SOME PRIDE 'N SOME JOY
BUT I'LL GET
OVER THESE LOUSIN' UP, MESSIN' UP, SCREWIN' UP TIMES
YOU'LL SEE, MA, NOW COMES THE BETTER PART
SOMEONE'S GONNA MAKE GOOD, CROSS HIS STUPID HEART,
MAKE GOOD AND FINALLY MAKE YOU
PROUD OF YOUR BOY*

*TELL ME THAT I'VE BEEN A LOUSE AND A LOAFER
YOU WON'T GET A FIGHT HERE, NO MA'AM
YEAH, I'M A GOLDBRICK, A GOOF-OFF, NO GOOD
BUT THAT COULDN'T BE ALL THAT I AM
WATER FLOWS UNDER THE BRIDGE
LET IT PASS, LET IT GO
THERE'S NO GOOD REASON THAT YOU SHOULD BELIEVE ME,
NOT YET, I KNOW, BUT ...*

*SOMEDAY AND SOON
I'LL MAKE YOU PROUD OF YOUR BOY,
THOUGH I CANT MAKE MYSELF TALLER OR SMARTER
OR HANDSOME OR WISE
I'LL DO MY BEST, WHAT ELSE CAN DO?
SINCE I WASN'T BORN PERFECT LIKE DAD OR YOU
MOM, I WILL TRY TO ...
TRY HARD TO MAKE YOU ...
PROUD OF YOUR BOY*

When the song concludes, its melody provides the musical basis for a MONTAGE: It's the following morning and ALADDIN takes not only the rent money but a year's rent in advance to a stunned BIG YUMAMAH. When he leaves BIG YUMAMAH's, he distributes money to the poor people he passes by in the streets. He takes care of himself pretty nicely too, purchasing a new turban that makes him look especially slick. And he doesn't forget flowers for MAMAN. Toward the end of the montage, ALADDIN passes by the "New Wazir Wanted" poster we saw earlier. As he reads it now, feeling his Genie-induced oats and brimming with musical resolve to make his mother proud, a new idea dawns on ALADDIN -- he'll use the BIG GENIE's magic to help him get that prestigious job! He, ALADDIN, will apply for the post of Wazir! End of Music.

Cut to the palace, where the SULTAN sits with several applicants for the post of Wazir. Mostly, they are dull, timid accountant types. The SULTAN, (a daffy, scatterbrained, Ed Wynn-ish old man) is interviewing them but everyone comes up short. It seems the kingdom is in desperate financial straits because the old WAZIR was not only plotting the SULTAN's over-throw and practicing the black arts -- he

was also pilfering the treasury. The SULTAN asks each of the applicants what he thinks could be done to build up Baghdad's bank accounts, but no one has much of an idea.

To complicate matters, the SULTAN is being relentlessly nagged by his beautiful daughter JASMINE, a girl who is a Princess in every sense of the word. And she's Princessing up a storm today, behaving as if the loss of the Kingdom's money were her own personal tragedy. She's whining that she can't have her room redone because the Royal Decorator quit. That she can't start choosing her new spring wardrobe because the royal Dress Designer quit. That *everyone* has quit because "Daddy" can't pay them! *Even the Royal Hairdresser!* The WAZIR applicants can't believe their ears. What a whining brat. To the SULTAN, however, PRINCESS JASMINE'S whining is music. She's got him wrapped around her expensively painted little finger. He promises to come up with some sort of solution to their money problems.

When PRINCESS JASMINE retires to her room, she hears her Maids gossiping about what a creep she is. She listens at the door for a moment and then barges in. "Somebody *tawking* about somebody behind her royal back?" This leads to PRINCESS JASMINE'S comic character song, **CALL ME A PRINCESS**, during which she pampers herself to the musical disgust of her servants.

*CALL ME A PRINCESS I DON'T CARE
CALL ME OBSESSED WITH NAILS AND HAIR
ONLY CONCERNED WITH WHAT TO WEAR
SHALLOW AND SO BLASÉ*

*GO AHEAD, CALL ME "ROYAL PAIN,"
I'M UNIMPRESSED WITH YOUR DISDAIN
LET ME REPEAT ONE SWEET REFRAIN:
PRINCESSES GET THEIR WAY*

*OTHER GIRLS COOK, BUT THAT'S NOT RELAXING
PRINCESSES MAKE RESERVATIONS
LIFE'S MUCH TOO SHORT AND LORD, IT'S SO TAXING
RULING THESE DARN THIRD WORLD NATIONS*

*SOME SAY THAT WHEN I NAG AND WHINE
NOBODY'S VOICE IS SHRILL AS MINE
DADDY THINKS THAT I SOUND JUST FINE
HE'S IN MY ROYAL SWAY
OTHER GIRLS STUDY, WHY DO THEY BOTHER?
I STUDY HOW TO GREASE UP MY FATHER
FATHERS WERE BORN TO PAY
AND PRINCESSES GET THEIR WAY.*

*SERVANTS
(In Andrews Sister harmony)
CALL HER A PRINCESS, SHE DON'T MIND,
SELFISH DISGRACE TO WOMANKIND*

*PRINCESS
PEOPLE NEED HOBBIES -- I UNWIND
WATCHING HOW MUCH I WEIGH*

*SERVANTS
OTHER GIRLS WORK FOR LAW DEGREES
SOME SCRUB THE FLOOR ON HANDS AND KNEES*

*PRINCESS
I'D RATHER HAVE A FACIAL, PLEASE*

*SERVANTS
SLATHER HER FACE IN CLAY!*

*PRINCESS
SOON I'LL GET MARRIED -- WHAT COULD BE SWEETER --
TO SOME SALIM OR ABDULLAH*

*SERVANTS
WHOEVER HE IS, THE TWO THINGS HE'LL NEED ARE
EARPLUGS AND PLENTY OF MOOLAH!*

*PRINCESSES WRITE A CHECK -- IT CLEARS
THAT'S 'CAUSE THEY SPEND THOSE WONDER YEARS
RUNNIN' TO DAD AND FAKIN' TEARS
TRAINING HIM TO OBEY*

*PRINCESS
FRESH OUT A CASH? NO PROBLEM, I DROP A
SNIT AND GO RUNNING STRAIGHT TO MY PAPA*

*ALL
THEN EVERYTHING'S OKAY
PRINCESSES GET THEIR WAY
BELIEVE IT
PRINCESSES GET THEIR WAY!*

Back in the throne room, the ARMED GOONS announce the arrival of a new Wazir Applicant: Mr. Ali-Al-Din, otherwise known as ALADDIN. ALADDIN makes a grand entrance, not unlike Liz Taylor's in *Cleopatra*. Elephants, giraffes, peacocks, and impossibly lavish gifts for the SULTAN. He's obviously been working that GENIE overtime. Everyone is very impressed -- especially the SULTAN. (*ALADDIN has his lamp concealed in a cape and early in this scene secretly wishes the BIG GENIE to be invisible. This makes him able to dazzle even more. When he takes the required Civil Service test, for example, he simply wishes he knew all the answers -- and he does.*) It looks like ALADDIN is a shoe-in for the job. The SULTAN asks about his past experience.

Luckily, before ALADDIN can attempt an answer, PRINCESS JASMINE enters. "Da-deee -- " There's no hot water for her bath because the Hot Water Eunuchs have quit. She's a wildwoman! She just *hates* this darned old palace and wishes she had one of her *own*. ALADDIN says he wishes she did too. Then he suggests she go and look out the window. There, across the courtyard, the most breathtaking palace anyone has ever seen is magically being erected right before everyone's eyes!

Everyone runs across the courtyard to tour the PRINCESS' exquisite new palace. PRINCESS JASMINE is overwhelmed, ecstatic. What princess *doesn't* dream of her very own personal palace? The SULTAN realizes he's just met a man who could solve all of the kingdom's problems and practically *begs* ALADDIN to become his new WAZIR. In fact, he *does* beg him. ("Da-deee, get up off the ground," moans PRINCESS JASMINE.) ALADDIN, really enjoying his newfound powers and the attention that comes-with, says he'll *think* about it. The SULTAN begs him to come back in the morning. ALADDIN drops the pretense and says you bet he will.

On his way back from the palace -- riding in a sedan chair, carried by GENIE-produced servants -- ALADDIN spots ABBI, BABKAK, OMAR, and KASIM in the marketplace. "Pull over, guys," he says to his sedan-carriers. Flying high from his first taste of worldly success, ALADDIN can't resist a little good-natured showing-off for ABBI and his buddies. He puts on what he imagines is a sophisticated attitude and ribs them about how **he** has suddenly become a well-respected and important man about Baghdad. They, of course, see the sedan chair, servants, and clothes and clamor to know where he got all this stuff. They're not a little put off by ALADDIN'S secretive replies. And when BIG YUMAMAH comes by and calls their old buddy "Mr. Aladdin," ABBI and the guys are slack-jawed.

Meaning well but unwittingly rude, ALADDIN gives ABBI some money to "go out and buy yourself a new outfit. You must be getting pretty bored with that old thing." He didn't mean it to be insulting, but it was. ABBI excuses herself. ALADDIN doesn't notice that she's upset and immediately starts teasing the GUYS. "**You** chumps really ought to get motivated and start using your potential, like **I** did. Overnight success, guys. What can I say?" Without revealing the lamp or the GENIE, he's able to pull off a few gifts for them. Then ALADDIN teasingly cops his slickest attitude and says he'd like to stay and chat awhile but he's got a business meeting, gotta go. He'll catch up with them in a few days and spread the wealth - - that's a promise. "Lunch, maybe ... Thursday." He's off. The guys decide ALADDIN must be mixed up with criminals, or maybe even oil merchants. But whatever has happened, ALADDIN's not his old self. And his change of fortune will surely spell doom for their streetcorner musical career. The THREE GUYS follow ALADDIN's sedan chair down the road, breaking into a little barbershop-style song, **HOW QUICK THEY FORGET.**

*SAY, YA WOULDN'T GO BREAK UP THE OLD ACT WOULDYA PAL?
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THAT WOULDN'T BE REAL NICE
NAW, YA COULDN'T GO BREAK UP THE ACT, NOW COULD YA PAL?
YES HE COULD WITHOUT SO MUCH AS THINKIN' TWICE (AMAZING)*

*I GUESS WE WON'T SWAP THOSE BARBERSHOP HARMONIES NO MORE
CAN'T SING 'EM WITH THREE, YOU GOTTA HAVE FOUR
AND AIN'T IT A CRIME, A REAL CRYIN' SHAME, SCREWED UP
AND ALL WET
WE USED TO BE THICK
HOW QUICK THEY FORGET*

*HERE'S HOW IT BECOMES GUITAR BASS AND DRUMS WITHOUT
A HORN
THE SAXOPHONE LEAVES, A TRIO IS BORN
NOT MUCH DOES IT TAKE TO GO OUT 'N BREAK A NICE MATCHIN' SET
NOT MUCH OF A TRICK
HOW QUICK THEY FORGET*

*LIKE THREE BLIND MICE
OR THREE ON A MATCHSTICK
THREE MAKES ONLY THREE
HIM PLUS HIM PLUS ME
MAKES US ...
WHOOPEE*

*LET'S SEE, THREE BEARS
AND THREE LITTLE KITTENS
SIGNED, SEALED, SAID AND DONE
ONE PLUS ONE PLUS ONE
MAKES WHAT ...
NO FUN*

*WE'RE NOT WHAT WE WERE
ANY FOOL WOULD PREFER ANY FOUR-HANDED GAME
THERE'S NOTHIN' THAT SQUARES WITHOUT TWO COMPLETE PAIRS
SO IT'S JUST NOT THE SAME*

*AND
I GUESS WE AIN'T GOT NO MORE OF THOSE HOT OL' NIGHTS IN
STORE
OUR FUTURE LOOKS DULL, A REGULAR SNORE
AND WHAT IS IT FOR, WHY GO BUSTIN' UP A HAPPY QUARTET
HE'S ALL OUTA TUNE
HOW SOON THEY FORGET*

*WELL AIN'T IT A SIN --
A REAL CRYIN' SHAME --
THREE FELLAS IS LEFT --
ONE FELLA'S TO BLAME --
DON'T WANT IT TO END --
NOT NOW AND NOT YET --
IT MAKES A GUY SICK HOW QUICK THEY FORGET*

*JUST THREE LITTLE PIGS OUT HUSTLIN' GIGS FROM DOOR TO DOOR
WHAT USED TO BE FUN, SANS ONE IS A CHORE
AS ALL OF THAT "PUT 'ER THERE OLD PAL; HAIL-FELLOW-
WELL MET"
FADES INTO THE PAST
HOW FAST THEY FORGET ...*

*HE THINKS HE'S SO CHIC
HOW QUICK THEY FORGET
HE BROKE UP THE CLIQUE
HOW QUICK THEY FORGET
THAT GUY'S A REAL ... YICK
HOW QUICK THEY FORGET
HOW QUICK ... HOW QUICK
THEY FOR-GET*

As the number proceeds down the road, some local birds join in to harmonize. But one bird in particular flies past and is attracted to the goings on. It's SINBAD. He hears these guys singing, sees the sedan chair, looks inside, and sees ALADDIN and the lamp! SINBAD flies away excitedly as the song reaches its conclusion and the sedan chair disappears in the distance.

At the lair of the WAZIR, SINBAD delivers the startling news that ALADDIN is still alive and has the lamp! The WAZIR breaks into a hideous grin. So ALADDIN has the lamp, does he? Well not for long.

The next morning, ALADDIN takes the lamp from the pantry, and is preparing to go to the palace when ABBI drops by from next door. She gives him back the money he gave her yesterday. She's concerned about where it came from. Has ALADDIN become involved with the Forty Thieves or something? ALADDIN says he can't tell her, but she shouldn't worry. Similarly concerned, MAMAN reminds ALADDIN what his father, rest his soul, used to say: "Nothing's worth anything unless you earn it yourself." This makes an impression on ALADDIN. In fact, he privately resolves to leave the lamp at home today. He quietly slips back into the pantry and returns the lamp to its shelf. When he leaves for the palace, he's unaware that ABBI is secretly following behind, still suspicious and determined to find out what he's *really* been up to. He's also unaware that the WAZIR and SINBAD are hidden in the bushes outside the pantry window.

As soon as ALADDIN's gone, the WAZIR raises the window, sending the parrot in to steal the lamp. SINBAD lifts it off the shelf with his claws, but accidentally knocks over some jars in the process. The clatter brings MAMAN into the room. She sees the parrot and chases him out the window with a broom, causing him to drop the lamp. Now it's lying on the floor. She picks it up. She's never seen *that* in the house before. She takes it with her when she leaves the pantry and throws it on a trash heap.

At the palace, the SULTAN is all *over* ALADDIN. He was so impressed with the gifts ALADDIN brought and the PRINCESS just *loves* her new palace. (We catch a

glimpse of her in there, chirping away in the lap of ridiculous luxury.) ALADDIN simply must agree to become the new Wazir.

Meanwhile, the WAZIR has disguised himself as a junk dealer and is holding forth on the street outside ALADDIN's house. The old con man has attracted quite a crowd of neighborhood women. "To *you* it's junk, to me a priceless antique." ALADDIN's mother hears the commotion outside and joins the ladies of the neighborhood who are fascinated with the WAZIR's spiel. He's paying big bucks for egg-beaters ... old pots and pans ... rusted *lamps*...

Hidden outside a palace window, ABBI watches in amazement as ALADDIN is proclaimed Wazir of Baghdad.

At home, MAMAN has retrieved the rusty old lamp from the junk heap and brings it outside. As soon as it's within reach, the WAZIR grabs it from her and rubs it. The whole street is immediately blanketed in pink smoke out of which the BIG GENIE emerges. "Yes. Master?" The WAZIR breaks into terrifying laughter. "To the Palace!" he shrieks.

At the Palace, the swearing-in ceremony is complete. The SULTAN now takes ALADDIN aside and quietly asks him how he performed such an amazing feat, yesterday -- having that palace built so quickly. Surely he knows magic. How does he do it? ALADDIN tries to bluff, but the SULTAN commands him to give a straight answer. ALADDIN still balks. The SULTAN reminds him that as WAZIR he must obey royal commands or be impeached. Reluctantly and quietly, ALADDIN confesses: "Okay ... I've got this Genie ..."

But before he can even finish the sentence, a tornado-like wind sweeps through the Palace. ALADDIN, the SULTAN, and ARMED GOONS have to hang onto pillars, furniture, anything, to keep from being blown away.

In PRINCESS JASMINE'S palace, it's like an earthquake ... until suddenly we realize that everything is *rising* ... as if the building were on an *elevator*!

The wind has swept ALADDIN and the SULTAN to one end of the ruined throne room, a wall of which now blows away completely so we can see what's going on outside. The storm wind that has caused all of this damage whirls like a tornado around the BIG GENIE, who is physically lifting PRINCESS JASMINE'S palace (and everything in it) up into the air! Then, holding PRINCESS JASMINE'S palace over his head, balanced on one hand like a tray of food, the BIG GENIE himself begins to levitate. Within moments, he has blown up above the treetops and is disappearing into the distance, carrying the PRINCESS' palace with him. Just before he does, though, the GENIE glances in ALADDIN's direction and sorrowfully says, "Sorry, Master."

So here we are in a completely wrecked throne room, PRINCESS JASMINE has been kidnapped, and the perpetrator is a GENIE who seems to know ALADDIN personally. The SULTAN is apoplectic. "Master? He called you Master! Is that *your* Genie? Get my daughter back!!" ALADDIN is stammering, trying to come up with

an explanation he doesn't really have ... when SINBAD comes flying into the room with an ear-piercing "caaawww," drops a note on the floor, and flies away. The SULTAN picks up the note and reads. It's a hostage note from the WAZIR. PRINCESS JASMINE will not be returned until the SULTAN abdicates the throne and declares the WAZIR the new ruler of Baghdad.

So! It all makes sense, thinks the SULTAN! ALADDIN is obviously involved in a conspiracy with the EVIL WAZIR. *Well, unless PRINCESS JASMINE is relumed, ALADDIN will be executed at dawn!* ALADDIN tries to make a dash for it, but the GOONS overwhelm him. They drag him off to the kingdom's deepest dungeon,

ABBI, who has been hiding and watching in amazement all this time, runs off to the marketplace to find BABKAK, OMAR, and KASIM.

Late that night, we see ALADDIN in his miserable dungeon cell. Rats scurry past. Water drips from a rusted pipe. And slowly the sands in the hourglass fall. A cloud passes in front of the moon. Outside the jail, we see a GOON guarding the entrance. After a moment, the GOON hears some soft, jazzy music playing. (The kind BABKAK, OMAR, and KASIM are good at). In his cell, ALADDIN hears the music too. It sounds like his friends. Outside the jail, the GOON gets up to see where the music is coming from. Those bushes over there. He gets to the bushes and THUD ... Someone in a cloak hits him over the head. Back to ALADDIN's cell. The music has stopped. Nothing happens. The cloud passes from in front of the moon. The sands keep dropping. ALADDIN decides he must have imagined the music. No one comes to save him. Our Little NARRATOR appears to sing a brief reprise of **ANOTHER ARABIAN NIGHT** as we watch ALADDIN's anguished, nightmarish wait for the dawn:

*WHAT A ROOM! WHAT A STINK!
THIS IS DOOM, DON'T YOU THINK?
AS THE HOURS OF THE NIGHT CRAWL PAST
YOU'VE GOT RATS IN YOUR CELL,
BUT YOU'LL LIVE WITH THE SMELL
TIL THE DAWN, WHEN YOU'LL BREATHE YOUR LAST.
EVERY TICK OF THE CLOCK
SAYS GET SET FOR THE BLOCK
AND THE SHOCK OF YOUR AWFUL PLIGHT!
YOU SHOULD SLEEP, BUT YOU DON'T
CAUSE YOU KNOW THAT YOU WON'T
SEE ANOTHER ...
ARABIAN NIGHT!*

And suddenly, on a musical beat, the GOONS break down the door of ALADDIN's cell. Dawn sunlight comes flooding into the room. PRINCESS JASMINE has not been returned and the execution is to proceed as the SULTAN proclaimed. ALADDIN's hands are bound. A drumbeat. They lead him to a chopping block at the feet of an Executioner who seems to be twelve feet tall. The GOONS force ALADDIN to a kneeling position and push his head onto the block. The Executioner lifts his axe. ALADDIN hold his breath and the axe comes down ...

Inches to the left of ALADDIN's neck! The Executioner's black cloak falls to the floor revealing, that it was really BABKAK and KASIM, standing on each other's shoulders. "Run!" And all hell breaks loose! It seems that overnight, ABBI and the BOYS have plotted, planned, and rigged this hair-trigger jailbreak. The GOON at the door is a disguised ABBI herself. Within moments, the KIDS have managed to get themselves out of the building, the GOONS following in hot pursuit. The wild chase that ensues carries ALADDIN and his FRIENDS from the palace to the marketplace and out into the wilderness. Several times it looks as if the GOONS will get 'em. Still, the GOONS are goons, after all. Our KIDS are faster and smarter. By the end of the sequence, ABM, BABKAK, OMAR, ALADDIN, and KASIM are hidden under a bridge as the GOONS go racing across overhead. They've shaken them ... for the moment.

ALADDIN is overwhelmed at what his FRIENDS have put themselves through on his behalf. He's especially grateful to ABBI for caring enough to follow him yesterday morning. He realizes for the first time how she really feels about him. Clearly their friendship is about to take a romantic turn. ABBI is thrilled, but shy. The GUYS are just glad to have their old pal back. But the problems are far from over. ALADDIN is still a fugitive, a wanted man. In fact, they'll *all* be wanted now that they've taken part in a jail break. As if to prove this, we hear GOONS marching by and calling to each other goonily on the bridge overhead.

ALADDIN is so sorry he got them all into this. ABBI and the GUYS now demand a full explanation of what has been going on. Where did the money and the magic come from? Start at the beginning. Okay. ALADDIN begins to explain that this guy, this weird guy who claimed to be his uncle came to the house, bla bla bla ...

ALADDIN

(Continuing the tale)

... So when we get to the cave, he says I'm supposed to climb down and get this rusty old lamp and this tarnished brass ring see ...

(A beat. Sound of GOONS overhead)

Wait a minute! The **ring**. **There's a ring too!** It's still in the cave!!

BABKAK

Calm down, Aladdin. The goons'll hear ya!

ALADDIN

(Wildly)

We gotta go get it! It's our only chance. We gotta go get that ring! It's probably got a Genie too! Then we can wish for *that* Genie to fight the *other* Genie and get the Princess back and ... We've got to go back to that cave!

OMAR

Aladdin are you crazy?

ALADDIN

Guys, I hate to break this to ya, but we don't have a choice.

And the chase begins again. ALADDIN, BABKAK, OMAR, KASIM, and ABBI emerge from under the bridge and are spotted by the GOONS who resume their hot pursuit ... across a patch of desert, through a wasteland, across a river, up one of the twin forbidden mountains, to the huge boulder at the mouth of the Cave of Wonders. The GOONS are right on their heels, but for a moment all five KIDS see something that freezes them in their tracks and leaves them speechless. There, across a wide and forbidding ravine, perched precariously at the crest of the other mountain, is PRINCESS JASMINE'S palace. Lightning! Thunder! Here come the GOONS, too close for comfort and ... "Open Sesame!" declares ALADDIN. Once more, the magic works. The boulder rolls aside and the five FRIENDS climb down into the cave. Just in the nick, too. When the GOONS arrive, they're too big to fit through the crack in the earth and are left up there grunting. They decide to build a fire, to try to *smoke* the KIDS out of the cave.

Down below, on the floor of the cave, ALADDIN finds the tarnished brass ring:

ALADDIN

(With speed and authority)

Alright, now I'm gonna rub the ring and then there's gonna be a lotta smoke and stuff and maybe some music, but don't be scared, that's how Genies appear. He'll be about twenty feet tall probably, but don't worry, they're really friendly ...

OMAR

Just *do* it, will ya?

ALADDIN

Okay, okay ...

ALADDIN rubs the ring. It's exactly like before: Music! Magic! Fireworks! Smoke! A blaze of pink light! And Here Comes the Genie ...

But wait! Someone appears in that puff of smoke alright, but it isn't a Giant with an earring - - not by a longshot. It's the NARRATOR! Right, the weird little guy from the marketplace who has been singing all those reprises of **ANOTHER ARABIAN NIGHT**. The one who's only two feet tall. The one whose turban is bigger than he is. As ALADDIN stares at this little creature in grave disappointment, we hear the NARRATOR'S voice offscreen:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Well, you should have seen the look on Aladdin's face. I mean I'm not *exactly* what he had in mind.

Back in the story, the NARRATOR (Whom we shall call the LITTLE GENIE from now on) now speaks to the gawking ALADDIN:

LITTLE GENIE

Close your mouth, kid, you'll catch cold.

ALADDIN

Excuse me, it's just I ... I thought there'd be a Genie of the Ring or something.

LITTLE GENIE

What am I? Stuffed grape leaves? Of course there's a Genie of the Ring and you're lookin' at him -- all seven and a half pounds of him. C'mon kids, let's get started ... We've got Goons to crush, Wazirs to defeat, necks to save ... Yours for instance!

ABBI

Can you grant wishes, like the big Genie?

LITTLE GENIE

Not wishes exactly, but I can do magic. Watch me pull an elephant out of m'turban ...

He tries, but all that emerges from his turban is a few hairs, which he tries to glue back on his head. He waves his hand to try again ... and he does produce the elephant ... until it suddenly pops like a bubble and disappears. Okay, so he can't *guarantee* results. LITTLE GENIE explains that The Genie of the Lamp, the BIG GENIE, is the most powerful Genie there is and his own powers are far more limited and unpredictable. Still, he's worth a try, isn't he? The LITTLE GENIE explains that ALADDIN has nothing to lose, (all Wazirs, Goons, and Sultans considered) and the LITTLE GENIE has everything to gain. Remember -- if a Genie saves your life, you have to set him free. Let's go! First they'll battle the GOONS, then cross the chasm and rescue the PRINCESS.

ALADDIN and ABBI are ready to give it a shot but BABKAK, OMAR, and KASIM are more reticent. Rescuing your best friend is one thing, but doing battle with Genies and Wazirs is quite another. Meanwhile, upstairs, the GOONS have almost finished getting that fire started. We can smell the smoke. The LITTLE GENIE impatiently starts a musical pep-talk, which ALADDIN and ABBI quickly join. This is actually the beginning of a song entitled **HIGH ADVENTURE**:

GENIE

(Sings)

CONVINCE THOSE GUYS MY LORD AND MASTER

ALADDIN

I'm trying, Genie, but ...

GENIE

WELL DO IT FASTER ... LETS BEGONE

ALADDIN

(To his friends)
Look, I know the other Genie's big. Remember, he used to work for me.

GENIE
IN WAISTING TIME WE COURT DESASTER
PICK UP THAT SWORD AND STRAP IT ON

OMAR
(As a sword magically appears in his hand!)
Did I wish for a sword? Dis anyone hear me wish for a ...

GENIE
FATE BLOWS HER KISS
CHILLS HER HEART, TAKES YOUR HAND

BABKAK
I dunno if I even believe in fate.

ABBI
(Catching the spirit)
FATE FEELS LIKE THIS

ALADDIN
PLAY YOUR PART, THIS WAS PLANNED

ALADDIN, ABBI, AND GENIE
AND LO -- BEFORE YOU KNOW
YOU GRAB YOUR HORSE, YOU GRAB YOUR GEAR, YOUR MOMENT'S
NOW, YOUR MOMENT'S HERE
IT'S TIME FOR

HIGH ... ADVENTURE
YOUR'RE OFF AND RIDING, SABER FLASHING
YOUR BANNER HIGH, YOUR MOLARS GNASHING
YOU FEEL SO DASHING
ON A HIGH ... ADVENTURE
GET SET TO GIVE SOME GUY A THRASHING
CAUSE HIGH ADVENTURE'S IN THE AIR.

The **HIGH ADVENTURE** number is now about to bust loose and become the film's climatic musical sequence. In it, sung verses will alternate with elaborate orchestral sections, turning the climax of the story into an action-packed production number. By the end of the verse above, ALADDIN, ABBI, and the LITTLE GENIE have gathered the BOYS onto a Persian rug they find in a treasure chest in the cave. On the "HIGH ADVENTURE" part of the music, the LITTLE GENIE waves his hand and the rug takes off like a rocket, blasting through the opening of the cave, sending sparks and GOONS flying every which way in the process. During the verse that follows, the KIDS battle the GOONS from their magic carpet.

ALADDIN
(As they fight the GOONS)
THERE'S HIGH ADVENTURE IN THE AIR, GUYS
SOMEONE'S OUT THERE GUYS, SOMEONE BAD

LITTLE GENIE
Atta boy, Master! Let 'em have it!

ALADDIN
HE'S GOT A DAMSEL IN DESPAIR, GUYS
HECK, THAT'S NOT FAIR GUYS AND I'M MAD

LITTLE GENIE
Very good, Master. Gnash those teeth!

ALADDIN
FATE BLOWS HER KISS, WINKS HER EYE, PLOTS HER SCHEME
PLOTS IT FOR BABKAK, OMAR, AND KASIM

ALL
AND SO
WE FIVE'LL GO
UNTIL IT'S THROUGH
UNTIL IT ENDS
HERE COMES ALADDIN AND HIS FRIENDS

GOONS thus conquered, the carpet starts flying across the chasm toward PRINCESS JASMINE'S castle, still perched perilously on the neighboring precipice.

OFF ON A
HIGH ... ADVENTURE!
TO CONFRONTATIONS SO EXCITING,
THEY'RE PLAYING MUSIC WHILE WE'RE FIGHTING,
SCRATCHING, AND BITING
ON A HIGH ... ADVENTURE
FEEL THAT ADRENALINE IGNITING
'CAUSE HIGH ADVENTURE'S IN THE ...

But midway across, the LITTLE GENIE's magic carpet spell runs out of steam. "Poof," the flying rug disappears right out from under the gang. They're all hurtling rapidly toward earth as the LITTLE GENIE waves his arms, trying like mad to conjure something that can save them. He produces a slew of useful household objects in the process, but nothing to break the fall. And then, just before they hit the ground, the LITTLE GENIE manages to conjure five winged white stallions -- one directly under each human! Our heroes land in the saddles, take off, and their flight to the palace continues! So does their song:

ONE MORE TIME IT'S
HIGH ... ADVENTURE

*HEIGH-HO THE STALLIONS ARE STAMPEDING
WITH ALLAH'S WISDOM EVER LEADING
(OMAR: "MY FINGER'S BLEEDING")
WELL, THAT'S HIGH ... ADVENTURE
WHAT WE'VE COLLECTIVELY BEEN NEEDING
IS HIGH ADVENTURE IN THE ...*

When the KIDS arrive at the palace, they conceal themselves and immediately learn that the WAZIR has subjected PRINCESS JASMINE to demeaning and mortifying torture -- he has her doing housework. She's scrubbing the marble floors, which are soaped and sopping wet. The WAZIR stands nearby, clutching the lamp (he never lets it out of his sight). He rubs the lamp, demands to see the SULTAN and "poof" the SULTAN is delivered. "Daddy -- give him the kingdom. Give him anything. Just don't make me hand-rinse this floor. Please!" The SULTAN knows when he's beat. He prepares to sign over the kingdom.

ALADDIN whispers something to the LITTLE GENIE who immediately waves his arms and conjures some magic to stop the signing: an arctic wind that sweeps through the palace ... *freezing the water on the wet marble floors*. The WAZIR, running around trying to figure out what's causing this meteorological magic, slips on the ice. The lamp flies out of his hands. And ALADDIN intercepts it! The KIDS come out of hiding.

ALADDIN rubs the lamp and commands the BIG GENIE to zap the WAZIR. (The SULTAN, seeing this, realizes that ALADDIN is *not* in cahoots with the WAZIR.) The BIG GENIE expresses delight at being back in ALADDIN's employ and says he'll destroy the WAZIR "with pleasure." He winds up like a baseball pitcher and prepares to shoot some powerful magic at the Wazir ...

... when SINBAD comes swooping down, grabbing the lamp in his claws, and squawking "STOP!" The BIG GENIE has to obey. SINBAD delivers the lamp to the WAZIR who quickly wishes for some old fashioned BRUTE FORCE. It materializes in the form of a quartet of MURDEROUS THUGS. They look like something out of Ali Baba: knives in clenched teeth, rings in noses, bandannas on gleaming bald heads. They head for ALADDIN and FRIENDS.

The LITTLE GENIE is able to produce a little magic to help ALADDIN and FRIENDS fend off the THUGS: a duplicate of each GOOD GUY appears. Now there are *two* ALADDINs, *two* ABBIs, *two* BABKAKs, etc. This evens things up a little. But as this battle goes on, PRINCESS JASMINE has something else on her mind ... sneaking up on the WAZIR. She catches him off guard and bites, kicks, scratches, claws, whines, screams, pinches, and anything else she can think of to get the lamp away from him. Only trouble is, she's staged this fracas too close to the window. *THE LAMP ACCIDENTALLY SLIPS FROM CONTROL AND GOES SAILING OUT THE WINDOW - DISAPPEARING DOWN INTO THE CANYON, MILES BELOW!* SINBAD flies out after it.

Back where the GANG is fighting the THUGS, there's trouble. Those magic twins start "popping" and disappearing like the LITTLE GENIE's elephant demonstration

did earlier. With the lamp gone too, it's now an old-fashioned swashbuckler -- no magic. The KIDS don't do badly, though. There's some rope swinging, some chandelier hopping, some balcony leaping, some swordplay and a lot of quick thinking. Even the fat old SULTAN pitches in to help.

*HARK! SOMETHING CALLS
LIKE A DREAM FROM AFAR,
CALLS OUT TO BABKAK, KASIM, AND OMAR
IT'S -- WAIT! -- **THE VOICE OF FATE!**
IT CALLS TO ME, IT CALLS TO YOU
ABBI, ALADDIN, AND THE CREW
OFF ON A*

*HIGH ... ADVENTURE
DANGER TO DANGER WE GO FLYING
COMPLETELY UNAFRAID OF DYING
(OMAR STOP CRYING)
THIS IS HIGH ... ADVENTURE
THERE'S NO IGNORING OR DENYING
THE KINDA THRILLS THAT IT'S SUPPLYING
HECK, THE EFFECT'S ELECTRIFYING
WHEN HIGH ADVENTURE'S IN THE ..*

THERE'S HIGH ADVENTURE IN AIR!

By the end of the number, the THUGS are out cold. Now for the WAZIR! The GOOD GUYS have him on the run! They chase him through the winding corridors of the palace. From room to room to room. Upstairs, downstairs, through endless, labyrinthine hallways. Doors opening, closing, slamming, bursting, until finally ... when ALADDIN and FRIENDS think they've got the WAZIR cornered, the camera whirls around to reveal:

MAMAN! The WAZIR has led them on a wild goose chase to a corner of the palace where he has his "trump card" held captive: ALADDIN's mother! The WAZIR holds a gleaming saber to her throat. "Don't come any closer! One more step and she dies!"

At that very moment, there's a loud "Caaawww," and in through the window flies a beat-up, worn-looking SINBAD, carrying the dented-but-intact lamp. "Look boss! I did it! I got it! I got the la ..."

The momentary distraction this provides gives ALADDIN's mother just time enough to grab PRINCESS JASMINE'S broom and take a swipe at the parrot. Once more the lamp goes flying out a window, straight *up* this time. And this time, ALADDIN bravely dives *out* to try to catch it. The LITTLE GENIE grabs his foot to prevent him from falling all together ... ALADDIN leans out as far as he can go and ... as the lamp comes falling back down toward earth ... ALADDIN *catches* it! ALADDIN's FRIENDS pull him into the room, he immediately rubs the lamp and commands the GENIE to "Send that guy to Persia, will ya?" "With pleasure," the GENIE replies. He picks up the WAZIR and hurls him out the window as if he were a football. We see

the screaming WAZIR disappear over the horizon. And the LITTLE GENIE is just able to conjure up enough magic to provide a padlocked birdcage/jail for SINBAD, who squawks his objections.

ALADDIN now wishes the BIG GENIE to deliver them all back home to Baghdad. The palace lifts off and, accompanied by a joyful reprise of HIGH ADVENTURE, they fly across the desert ... back to the city. Once there, the SULTAN offers ALADDIN the hand of PRINCESS JASMINE in marriage. But ALADDIN politely declines both that and the post of Wazir.

ALADDIN

I've already got a girl. And as far as the job goes sir, I was just tryin' to make it up to Mom after all the times I've loused up and let her down. I guess I just wanted to make her proud of me.

MAMAN insists she is proud of ALADDIN, just as he is. She hugs him. The LITTLE GENIE says this is all very touching, but if ALADDIN doesn't mind, he and the BIG GENIE would like to be set free now. After all, they saved ALADDIN'S life several times today and rules are rules. "Sure," ALADDIN tells them, they'll be free alright, right after he's granted one more wish.

Dissolve to the Bazaar at night, a week or so later. There's hot, jazzy music playing somewhere nearby. We pan across BIG YUMAMAH's café and find that the music isn't coming from there. In fact, BIG YUMAMAH's is empty. But right next door, there's a new establishment and the joint is, as they used to say, jumpin'. Crowds of Baghdad's citizens are clamoring to get in. A huge, brightly lighted sign out front announces the new café's name: ALADDIN'S OASIS!

We move inside the café to hear great music playing and see everyone having a swell time. There's the SULTAN sitting at a table, beaming. A head waiter brings him the check but the SULTAN answers, "Oh my *Wazir* pays all the bills. He's right over there." And we swing around to see the BIG GENIE, looking a bit more human-sized, surrounded by a bevy of adoring ladies. He winks at the SULTAN and signs the check. At another table, we see MAMAN, well-dressed now and beaming too. The music changes and MAMAN leans proudly toward some swanky folks in the crowd. "That's my son, you know ... Aladdin." And now we see him -- up on the bandstand with BABKAK, OMAR, and KASIM, wearing glittering costumes and happily playing their hearts out. They launch into their theme song, the one they used to play in the marketplace. The crowd murmurs its approval. PRINCESS JASMINE is right nearby, making eyes at OMAR, who seems to like the attention. And then we notice there's a fifth member of the band: ABBI. She and ALADDIN grin at each other lovingly as the music plays on. Everyone seems to be living happily ever, so we move out of the café and across the street.

There, in his rug-seller's booth across the street, is our NARRATOR, the one-time LITTLE GENIE, closing up for the night.

SO IT GOES. SHORT AND SWEET

*NOW THEY LIVE DOWN THE STREET
DOING JUST WHAT THEY ALL DO BEST
HAPPY END TO THE TALE
AND TOMORROW'S A SALE
SO I'D BETTER GO HOME AND REST
HERE'S A KISS AND A HUG
SURE YOU DON'T NEED A RUG?
I ASSURE YOU THE PRICE IS RIGHT.
... WELL SALAAM, WORTHY FRIEND
COME BACK SOON! THAT'S THE END
TIL ANOTHER*

ARABIAN NIGHT

We pull back and back until there's nothing in sight but the twinkling lights
of Baghdad ... and a thousand Arabian stars.

The End

Treatment & Lyrics: Howard Ashman
Music: Alan Menken
January 12, 1988